PS 3521
.U64 C5
1922
Copy 2

C 330
/ 34

Chinese Love

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By

CLARE KUMMER

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

Copyright, 1922, by Samuel French

Banner Play Bureau, Inc.
SAN FRANCISCO 2, CALIF.
Entertainment Publishers

New York
SAMUEL FRENCH
Publisher
28-30 West 38th Street

London
SAMUEL FRENCH, Ltd.
26 Southampton Street
Strand, W.C. 2.

CHINESE LOVE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY
CLARE KUMMER

All Rights Reserved

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
6
DEC 09 1982
COPY ORDER DIVISION
Replacement

PS 3521
.U64C5
1922
copy 2

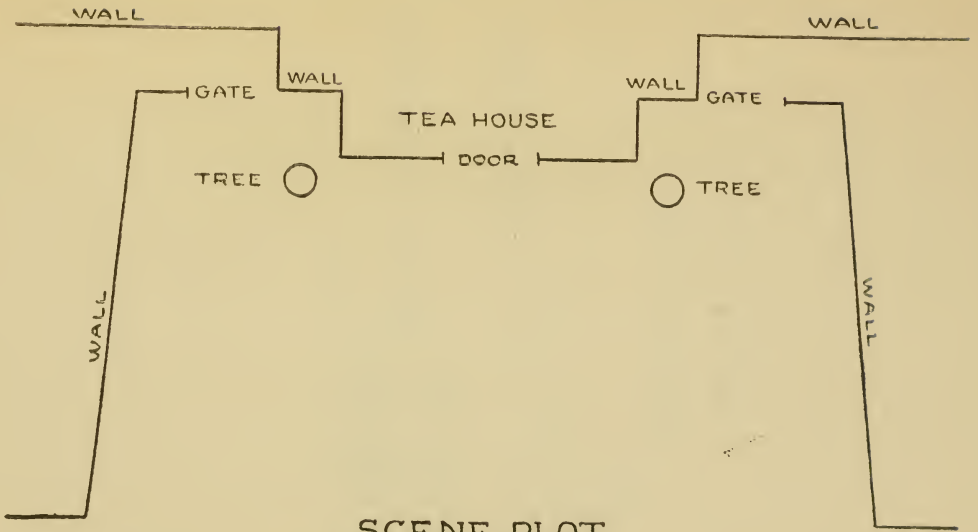
"CHINESE LOVE" is fully protected by copyright and is subject to royalty when produced by professionals or amateurs.

Permission to act, read publicly, or to make any use of it must be obtained from SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York, and no performance may take place until a written permission has been obtained.

Professional and amateur rates quoted on application.

Whenever this play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play:—Produced by special arrangement with SAMUEL FRENCH of New York.

REPLACEMENT COPY

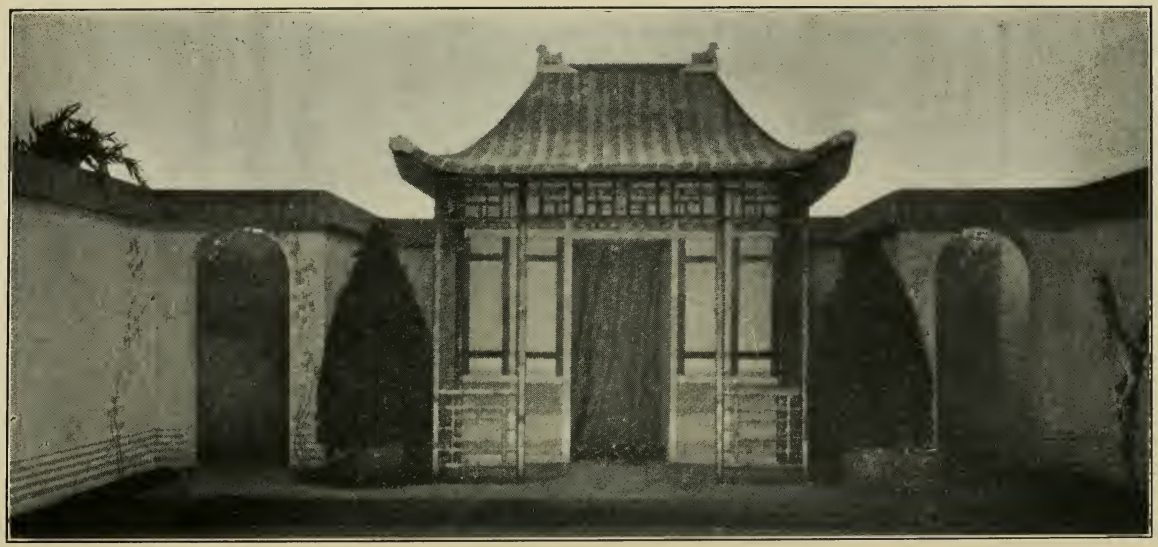


SCENE PLOT
FOR
"CHINESE LOVE"

CHINESE LOVE

PROPERTY PLOT

Two trees.
Screen.
Very low Chinese tea table.
Tea set.
Long scroll of parchment containing proclamations.
Chinese gold coins.
Small jade handled dagger.
Two cushions for Chung Fah and Wing So to kneel on while having tea.
Large Chinese gong off stage.



The Stage of the Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, set for "CHINESE LOVE"

CHINESE LOVE

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

CLARE KUMMER

Originally produced at the Punch & Judy Theatre, New York, Monday, Feb. 13, 1921, with the following cast:

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

WING SO, *A Chinese Pirate*..STANLEY HOWLETT
CHAN FAH, *His Wife*.....SALLIE FISHER
MING TOO, *Their Son*.....
AH MEE, *A Dear Lady Friend*.....MAY ELLISON
MO YEN, *Emissary of the Law and Custodian of the Tea House*—J. M. KERRIGAN
HING HI, *A Mandarin*.....JAMES LOUNSBERRY

SCENE: *Garden of* MO YEN'S *Tea House.*
TIME: *A summer afternoon.*
DISCOVERED: MO YEN *and* AH MEE. MO YEN *studying from a parchment the pronunciamento relating to* WING SO'S *execution. He is not aware at first of the presence of* AH MEE.

MO YEN. *(Reading and memorizing)* "Hi-yah!

Hi-yah! On the high seas for many years, Wing So captured and sunk many ships. To foreign countries he went and all he did was against the mighty Chinese law which says that no man must do the things that Wing So has done. So according to the most noble wishes——"

AH MEE. *(Interrupting him politely)* Sir, if you have quite finished——

MO YEN. *(Continuing)* "—of the highly honorable Mandarin, acting for the Imperial emperor of China, this day is led to execution, Wing So. Hi-yah!"

AH MEE. Sir—thanks, please. *(Bowing.)*

MO YEN. If that is all, I will begin again. *(Turning back to the parchment.)*

AH MEE. *(Anxiously)* No—it is not all. Tell me—we have not made a mistake? It is by this way they will pass?

MO YEN. This way and no other. You will have a fine view of the road from the tea-house windows. . . . And you cannot mistake Wing So. He is a tall man and carries himself like a prince. But then—a pirate can pick and choose his clothes.

AH MEE. *(With dignity)* I am not afraid of mistaking Wing So for any other man.

MO YEN. No?

AH MEE. No, I know him very well—I am the most dear friend of Chan Fah, his wife—she sits yonder in the tea-house, waiting for him to pass. Also Ming Too, their son.

MO YEN. Ah—so that is Chan Fah—she waits for him to pass. Women are strange. What does she want with him?

AH MEE. To say good-bye. He has taught her to kiss good-bye in the English manner. Also Ming Too, their son.

MO YEN. Hah—that is very interesting. You know it was Chan Fah, his wife, who gave him up

to the authorities—but for her he might not be going to part with his head this fine sunny afternoon.

AH MEE. I know nothing of what you say. Therefore, I cannot listen to you. You say she gave him up?

MO YEN. For many thousand yen—there was a price on his head—he is, as perhaps you know, a particularly skillful pirate.

AH MEE. Wing So does everything well.

MO YEN. Yes. He is wanted by the English authorities for smuggling opium—that is very serious—so we put a large price on his head. The vast sum was paid to his wife, when she gave him over to the authorities—she will not want for anything.

AH MEE. I am the dear friend of Chan Fah and I do not understand what you are saying—therefore, I do not believe it. She is a most beautiful character—most devoted to her husband. Also Ming Too, their son.

MO YEN. If so, then I am glad my wife is not devoted to me—though not being a pirate, I might perhaps escape with my life. . . .

AH MEE. She is coming—be very respectful, please—remembering she will soon be a widow.

MO YEN. That is certainly her fault; not mine.

SHAN FAH. *(Approaching. She is beautifully dressed, wearing many jewels.* MING TOO *is with her)* Why do you discourse so long, Ah Mee, with the honorable stranger?

MO YEN. Mo Yen is my name, Emissary of the law and custodian of the Tea House.

CHAN FAH. I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I am Chan Fah, wife of Wing So, perfect gentleman and highly reputable pirate.

MO YEN. I know.

CHAN FAH. I am most desirous of having speech with my husband, if there is no objection. *(Giving him gold.)*

MO YEN. If your husband has no objections, I have not.

CHAN FAH. Thank you. Perhaps we may be left alone for a little while together? I have a paper saying it can be permitted.

MO YEN. *(Taking the paper)* I see. It shall be as you wish. You give your word that Wing So will not kill himself, thus cheating the authorities.

CHAN FAH. My word of honor. Wing So does not believe in killing himself unless it is quite agreeable to everybody.

MO YEN. And you will not kill him? You have, I see, a very pretty little dagger there—— *(Observing jade handle of tiny dagger which* CHAN FAH *has concealed in her dress.)*

CHAN FAH. Wing So's heart is much too deep to be reached by that tiny thing.

MO YEN. Very good, then—I will see that you are left together.

CHAN FAH. We might even have tea—— *(Giving him another piece of gold.)*

MO YEN. *(Doubtfully)* In the Tea House?

CHAN FAH. No, here—where we will be quite alone.

MO YEN. I will see.

CHAN FAH. *(Giving him another piece of gold)* I am sure that you will see correctly, Honorable Mo Yen. Are there many being executed to-day?

MO YEN. Only your husband. There will be no procession to speak of, only the executioner and the Mandarin, Hing Hi, who is obliged to be present in accordance with the law.

CHAN FAH. Perhaps the highly honorable Mandarin, Hing Hi, will take tea in the tea house?

MO YEN. If it is served him for nothing, I am quite sure he will.

CHAN FAH. See that it is served him for nothing. *(Giving him another piece of gold.)*

"Chinese Love"

See Page 7

(Music for the entrance of WING SO.*)*

AH MEE. They are coming.

MO YEN. I join the procession here. I will divert the Mandarin this way. *(Calling the pronunciamento, exit* MO YEN R.U.E.*)* Hi-yah! Hi-yah! On the high seas for many years Wing So captured and sunk many ships. To foreign countries he went and all he did was against the mighty Chinese law, which says that no man must do the things that Wing So has done. So, according to the most noble wishes of the highly honorable Mandarin acting for the Imperial Emperor of China, this day is led to execution Wing So. Hi-yah!

CHAN FAH. Conduct yourself with great dignity, Ah Mee. And you, my son—*(To* MING TOO*)*—make yourself as tall as possible so as to more resemble your most glorious, noble father.

(Enter MO YEN, WING SO *and* HING HI. R.U.E. CHAN FAH *kneels before her husband. He pats her head tenderly.)*

WING SO. Chan Fah! If anything could add to my pleasure this bright, beautiful day, it is to see you here!

CHAN FAH. *(Bowing with dignity and concealing her emotion)* Wing So, honorable husband!

WING SO. And you, Ah Mee.

AH MEE. Also Ming Too, your son!

WING SO. Also Ming Too! You stand very straight, my son—see that you continue to do so—and take the most extraordinary care of your honorable, precious mother. . . . I would say more—if you could understand me.

CHAN FAH. I am sure he understands you, Wing So.

WING SO. Yes?

CHAN FAH. Yes. When my honorable father went to his ancestors I was of the same age as Ming Too. And I have always remembered every word he said to me—reminded, of course, occasionally by my honorable mother.

WING SO. That makes me very happy, Chan Fah. Shall I perhaps say a few words more to him —that his honorable mother may remind him of in the days to come?

CHAN FAH. No, it is not necessary. I am quite capable of remembering what you said, Wing So.

WING SO. Without my saying it? Very well, choose what I have said wisely.

CHAN FAH. Ah Mee, say good-bye to my honorable husband, and take little Ming Too for almond cakes to the tea house.

AH MEE. *(Kneeling before* WING SO*)* Farewell, and may your ancestors greet you with the most gracious, affectionate remarks, dear Wing So. I am dear friend to you and your honorable wife and so shall remain.

WING SO. Most respectful thanks, Ah Mee, to you and your honorable family. Ming Too, your father—— *(Laying his hand on the baby's head.)*

CHAN FAH. He understands perfectly, Wing So —if he does not, I will tell him.

*(*AH MEE *goes up into tea house with* MING TOO.*)*

MO YEN. *(Approaching)* The most honorable Mandarin, Hing Hi, would like to speak with the wife of Wing So. He may approach?

WING SO. Certainly—if you do not object, my adored Chan Fah. You will find he is a most agreeable gentleman—it was with great difficulty that I persuaded him to let me walk on ahead as is the custom—and have beautiful thoughts of you and our son.

CHAN FAH. Certainly then, if you wish it, Wing So, but do not encourage him to talk very long—for I wish to be alone with my honorable husband as soon as possible, as long as possible.

*(*HING HI *approaches.)*

HING HI. Good morning, beautiful Chan Fah—I wished to say a few words to you, if it would not be too disagreeable.

CHAN FAH. Most pleasant, on the contrary—since my honorable husband speaks for me—to encounter charming, gracious Mandarin, Hing Hi.

HING HI. *(Bowing)* I am glad to hear that you are to be left in great happiness and comfort, Chan Fah—and I wish to state, as an old man who is wise as he is ugly, that you did quite right in giving your husband up to the authorities.

CHAN FAH. Wing So I shall always obey.

HING HI. Oh, you obeyed Wing So?

WING SO. Since she has told you, yes—it was I ordered her to give me up.

HING HI. Well, but was that known to the authorities? Is it, in other words, legal?

WING SO. It is to be hoped so, honorable, gracious Hing Hi. Since I am about to lose my head, it is better for Chan Fah to have the 40,000 yen than some poor fellow who would not know what to do with it. Besides, no one knows but yourself—and you will have forgotten by to-morrow, honorable gentleman that you are, the words Chan Fah has said.

HING HI. *(Thoughtfully)* Yes, it is better for your wife to have the money than some poor wretch like Mo Yen.

MO YEN. Thanks. Please.

HING HI. *(Looking at* CHAN FAH) Now she is rich—yes—that is very good.

WING SO. For some time, as you know, Hing Hi, I was a most successful pirate—but of late all that has changed—a pirate's wife must now live in poverty. Who will say that is right?

HING HI. Very hard for a beautiful wife like Chan Fah.

WING SO. Very. While Chan Fah did not marry me for gold and jewels, surely it was only to be expected that she should want these things. I could not give them to her—those she had, she was obliged to part with. Who will say that was right?

HING HI. But now she has them.

WING SO. Yes. And she will keep them. Six boys who have been with me on the high seas will see that she keeps them.

HING HI. Six boys?

WING SO. Six. Whereabouts not known to the authorities. It might be as well, noble Hing Hi, if you warn anyone going to my house with an idea of my being away—these boys are very rough!

HING HI. *(Duly impressed)* Very rough? I see. I will remember that. You do not wish your wife to marry again?

WING SO. I am sorry, Chan Fah—if you should wish to marry again——

CHAN FAH. *(Coming down)* I shall never wish to do so, honorable husband—do not speak of such a disaster.

WING SO. The idea, I confess, is not pleasant to me.

CHAN FAH. I am your faithful, devoted wife—you are away, on a journey; that is all.

HING HI. Very laudable, I should say—very, yes, indeed.

CHAN FAH. Then since we agree so perfectly, let us speak no more of the matter.

HING HI. Quite right. I am having tea served

in the tea house. You wish to say good-bye to your honorable husband. I will drink six cups of tea, so do not hurry.

CHAN FAH. Most honorable, pleasant Hing Hi, all that my husband said of you is true.

(HING HI *goes into tea house.)*

WING SO. Ah, yes—he would have made a most excellent pirate—if he had not consorted with low rascals and become a politician. *(Looking at her)* Now that we are alone together, my little flower, I can permit myself to tell you that you are very beautiful this morning.

CHAN FAH. *(Looking at him adoringly)* And you are like the sun, my heavenly adored one, and most perfect husband.

WING SO. I have tried to be a good husband to you, Chan Fah, but to be a good husband, one must be a good pirate—that I have not been of late. It gives me great pleasure to see you dressed properly.

CHAN FAH. These jewels I bought according to your instructions. Also, I permitted myself to purchase this. *(Showing him the dagger.)*

WING SO. That was very thoughtful of you, my darling. But I cannot use it. It would not do at all, under the circumstances—I have given my word.

CHAN FAH. It is not for you, my adored one, but for me. With your permission I would like to follow you immediately to the halls of our ancestors.

WING SO. No, Chan Fah. I forbid it. Do you not think of Ming Too, our son? Is it not enough that his father should be taken?

CHAN FAH. More than enough, honorable, darling husband.

WING SO. Do you not love little Ming Too, who so closely resembles his father?

CHAN FAH. Yes. But it makes me sad to look upon him and think that I shall never have another son—or even a daughter.

WING SO. It is sad—we should have been married a year sooner—but then I had not met you. *(*AH MEE *serves the tea, placing a screen back of* CHAN FAH *and* WING SO. *After this she exits.* WING SO *is surprised and pleased)* Why, my darling—tea?

CHAN FAH. Yes, honorable husband. I thought it would be pleasant—if your engagements will permit. *(They kneel to have their tea)* Do you remember the day we met, Wing So?

WING SO. Before I looked upon you, Chan Fah —my heart said, "She is here!" *(Song.)*

*(*CHAN FAH *sings.)*

"GOLDEN LOVE"

I

Under the slanting Chinese sun
I first met you—my dear belovéd one!
And though you bowed with great solemnity,
Deep in your eyes, I saw that you did smile on me!

Refrain

Love—beautiful, golden love!
Shone in your eyes that day—
"Love me," I heard you say,
Not with your lips, but with your
Eyes! Beautiful, golden eyes!
Even before I knew,
My eyes replied, "I do!"

2

Before the slanting sun had set,
I knew I never could forget,
The way you spoke my name—and Oh,
I knew, if asked, across the world with you I'd go!

Refrain

(The music of the procession begins. WING SO *looks toward the tea house. They rise.)*

MO YEN. He is taking his sixth cup.

WING SO. I believe I must go. I shall take a very ceremonious leave of you, my dear, in a moment. *(Takes* CHAN FAH *in his arms.)*

CHAN FAH. Oh!

WING SO. Do not weep, my beloved. It is nothing. It is a blessed release from all my troubles—only not having any troubles, I cannot help wishing someone else could be released instead of me.

CHAN FAH. That is a very splendid idea, Wing So. I understand the executioner is a most unhappy man—he is sick and he has a very cross wife—could you not suggest that he take your place?

WING SO. *(Smiling)* I could suggest it, yes.

CHAN FAH. Could you, with your beautiful hands, chop off his head neatly?

WING SO. I'm sure I could and with all the pleasure in the world. But I fear it cannot be arranged. He is a bad man, too, and not ready to confront his ancestors.

CHAN FAH. But you, my darling?

WING SO. I have always been a loving husband and most considerate pirate. (AH MEE *enters from tea house, takes screen.)* I have nothing to fear.

(Enter MO YEN, HING HI *and the* EXECUTIONER.)

Mo Yen. It is time; if the honorable wife wishes to walk along beside you, Wing So, I can arrange it.

Wing So. On no account whatever. The honorable wife will walk in precisely the opposite direction. I will say good-bye to you here, Chan Fah. *(Bowing)* It has been a most pleasurable occasion and your society has been highly appreciated.

Chan Fah. *(Bowing)* Also to me it has been pleasant, honorable husband.

Hing Hi. Good-bye, Chan Fah—six cups of tea, I drank—very good they were, too.

Chan Fah. I thank you with all my heart, noble, gracious Mandarin Hing Hi.

(The procession starts, Mo Yen *follows, leaving* Chan Fah *alone.* Mo Yen *calls the pronunciamento off stage.* Ah Mee *and* Ming Too *approach from the tea house.)*

Ah Mee. Mo Yen is a very wicked man, also a liar.

Chan Fah. A wicked man and a liar can do a kind thing, Ah Mee.

Ah Mee. If he is paid for it.

Chan Fah. Yes, and I can well afford to pay him.

Ah Mee. *(Anxiously)* Those jewels, Chan Fah—and this gold which you seem so careless with—have you perhaps suddenly come into a fortune? Or did your honorable husband bring you back these things from his last trip on the high seas?

Chan Fah. What did Mo Yen tell you, Ah Mee? That I sold my adored honorable husband to the authorities for money? It is true. There was no way to hide him or let him make his escape—so he bade me give him up. I had to obey

him. Now I am rich and little Ming Too can be well raised. But me—I do not think I can live.

AH MEE. Oh, yes, Chan Fah—you can live—I see now all quite clearly. And you did right. You will have some comfort and pleasure, still—and you can wear as many jewels as you wish. You have always loved jewels, Chan Fah.

CHAN FAH. Who will see them?

AH MEE. And you have Ming Too, you must think of him.

CHAN FAH. Yes. He loves you very much. Take him home, Ah Mee, and leave me a little while by myself.

AH MEE. I do not like to leave you, Chan Fah.

CHAN FAH. No, but that you must do. I want to sit quietly and remember the things said to me by my honorable husband. I want to say them over like a lesson, Ah Mee, in order that I may never, never forget them.

AH MEE. You are sure, dear friend, that you wish me to leave you? Also Ming Too, your son?

CHAN FAH. Yes, I am quite sure.

AH MEE. Then I will go. Come soon, Chan Fah! *(*AH MEE *departs with* MING TOO.*)*

JEWEL SONG

*(*CHAN FAH *sings.)*

Yes, this is the gold—
These are the jewels of fashion so splendid.
When stories are told
"Here," they will say, "Chan Fah's story was ended!
This silken brocade,
Wrapping her round with its perfume enthralling,
This dagger of jade,
Was in her hand when she heard his voice calling!"

Refrain

See how they sparkle, glistening, shining—
Emerald and ruby in gold enshrined,
Glowing in tender, passionate splendor
Sunlight and moonlight and stars combined!
See how they sparkle, glistening, shining,
Beautiful pearls—chain of tears divine!
In dreams I wore them—and I adore them,
Beautiful jewels, and mine—all mine!

(During song stage becomes very dim. A spot light on CHAN FAH. *At end of song* WING SO *enters* L.U. *from behind tea house and stands unseen behind tree.)*

(At the end CHAN FAH *takes out the dagger from her dress. She puts her head in her hands, weeping a moment, then looks up as if listening.)*

CHAN FAH. "Come soon, Chan Fah"—that is what you are saying to me, dear, honorable husband. Yes, yes, I will come! *(She raises the dagger above her breast.)*

WING SO. *(His voice)* Chan Fah—I am saying nothing of the kind.

CHAN FAH. Oh, honorable darling, it is your voice—where are you?

WING SO. *(Appearing below tree in a golden light)* I am here beside you—I think you can see me, if you try a little.

CHAN FAH. *(Rubbing her eyes)* Where? Where? Oh, there! Oh, honorable darling one, forgive me.

WING SO. You interrupted me at a most inopportune moment. Chan Fah, I was just being introduced to my great grandfather, whom I had

never met—in the celestial rice fields when I happened to hear you speak my name.

CHAN FAH. In the celestial rice fields, my darling? Then—then—you have been there?

WING SO. Certainly. The execution was most successful. One clean stroke and I was looking on with the rest at the absurd affair. Then, as I say, I went to the rice fields in the most glorious sunshine—but I must not tell you about it. It might make you discontented.

CHAN FAH. *(Anxiously)* Do you still love me?

WING SO. I still love you—but you must live your life out, Chan Fah, you must not even play with your little dagger. When you die I will come and escort you to the celestial rice fields. I hope to find you in great comfort. I do not wish my honorable wife to be lying in a dusty road—buy yourself a beautiful bed, Chan Fah—and promise me that you will do your best to die in it.

CHAN FAH. I promise—I promise, dear, darling, honorable husband. Could you kiss me—or is that forbidden? *(He kisses her.)*

(Enter AH MEE *and* MING TOO.*)*

AH MEE. I was frightened after I had left you, Chan Fah—forgive me—I felt that I must come back.

CHAN FAH. *(Happily)* Do you not see who is here?

AH MEE. What do you mean, Chan Fah?

CHAN FAH. Can you not see him?

*(*WING SO *takes the dagger from* CHAN FAH, *replacing it in her dress.)*

AH MEE. I see nothing, Chan Fah—except that a very strange thing happened just then.

CHAN FAH. Oh! Just then?

AH MEE. I was looking at your little dagger—and it was replaced in your dress—and you did not lift your hand.

WING SO. There, we cannot do the slightest thing without its being noticed!

CHAN FAH. Oh, I think you must be mistaken, Ah Mee—surely nothing so strange as that could happen. *(She laughs.)*

AH MEE. Do you feel quite well, Chan Fah?

CHAN FAH. Quite. I never expected to feel so well again—I have been remembering, as I said, all the things told me by my honorable husband.

WING SO. See that you do remember them, Chan Fah.

*(*MING TOO *goes to* WING SO *and endeavors to grasp him round the knees. He falls down.)*

MING TOO. Honorable parent!

CHAN FAH. There, the baby can see——

WING SO. I'm sorry I can't pick him up. It is forbidden—children would never fall if we could catch them. And it is good for them to fall——

AH MEE. *(Anxiously)* Will you not come home, dear Chan Fah?

WING SO. Pray do, my darling—and allow me to return to my great grandfather. *(*WING SO *embraces* CHAN FAH.*)*

AH MEE. You kiss the air, Chan Fah!

CHAN FAH. It is very sweet.

AH MEE. Will you not come, Chan Fah?

CHAN FAH. Proceed, Ah Mee, I will follow you. *(Exit* AH MEE *and* MING TOO. *To* WING SO*)* Could you not, perhaps accompany me to the gate of our house?

WING SO. Darling, you are keeping me out of

heaven. However, I will, and then you will let me go?

CHAN FAH. Yes. But let us walk very slowly.

WING SO. *(Tenderly)* Chan Fah—sometimes, if you wish—think of me at this sunset hour and I will come to you. Where we part, there we shall meet again.

CHAN FAH. Oh, then could you not come just inside the gate, my dearest beloved?

WING SO. Into the garden? Yes—but do not ask me to go further, my darling——

CHAN FAH. No. You are too radiant to be quite safe in our small house. *(She sings. And at the end of song they go off together.)*

In our garden gay with flow'rs,
I'll await the sunset hours—
Close my eyes and dream, dear,
Till I hear you call.

Love, beautiful, golden love,
Deep in your eyes will shine,
Looking down into mine,
Again my own will answer,
Love, beautiful, golden love,
It was our dream, and so
Into the dream we go—
The dream of beautiful, golden love!

CURTAIN

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs Fiske with enormous success. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce. Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

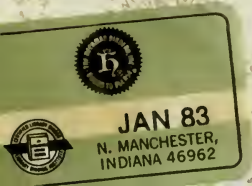
It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

H 96 83

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS


JAN 83
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

0 021 426 049 9